

THE
Mock EXPEDITION
OR, THE
Women in BREECHES.
A New BALLAD.

A New Method of War, an improvement no doubt,
Our Generals of late have so wisely found out;
To conquer our ~~Do~~es is to put them in Fright,
For by this if they fly, there's no occasion to fight,
Derry down, &c.

Our late Expedition this fully implies,
The best waging of War, is the saving of Lives;
An old Woman or two, that were frighten'd since dead,
Or else to their Honour no Blood there was shed.

Whether *Englisch*, or *French*, no great study 'twill cost,
To determine it who was frighten'd the most;
Have perhaps this Excuse for not landing courag'ous,
As Pannicks are catching they might think them contag'ous.

For not landing, besides other Reasons, excuse 'em,
(Wou'd the World but consider, they wou'd not abuse 'em) (rounded,
Were told, by Report, they'd be by Water sur-
And landmen, by nature, don't like to be drowned.

So quick-sighted by night, saw it rashness to land,
But more clearly convinc'd when the day was at hand
There's many do say, if we credit their speeches,
That womens red petticoats they took for mens breeches.

If their courage going out was but tardy and slack,
They seem'd not to want it at returning all back:
Tho' this mystry so dark an odd thought may enlighten,
Cocks crowing, 'tis said, will lions much frighten.

To call it an action on each side's not right;
We may call it much better a *fright* than a *fight*:

Of our land force one thing we may certainly say,
The feats they perform'd was next running away.

Well knowing what dangers attend on the brave,
And that *glory*, that *farce*, but lead's to the *grave*;
Not forgetting the maxim to take their plea,
That a prudent retreat is oft winning the day.

Our commanders some blunder must surely have made
And made a mistake in the choice of their trade:
A service that's softer may please them much more,
Not so fitted for *Mars* as for *Venus's Core*.

The winds as in anger against them long blew,
As if but prophetick of what they wou'd do:
Such an ominous hint if they wou'd but have read it,
Might have sav'd much Expence, and the Nation its credit.

The genius of Britons had for fighting a passion,
More civiliz'd now 'tis grown quite out of fashion.
Fine cloaths, smock looks, and the care of the ladies,
Their heads and their hearts more for this than their trade is.

Tho' Briton's, 'tis said, were not Mollies of old,
Were for dealing of blows, and were manly and bold
And if out-number'd to fear they were strangers,
No councils of war restrain'd them from dangers.

The women, 'tis said, intend to petition,
That they may go out on the next Expedition:
If successful in war, and its dangers they dare,
They expect for the future the Breeches to wear.

To Petticoats Men, as their shame, be condemn'd,
So long, or at least till their mettle they mend:
The breeches then back they will give them again,
As by right they are theirs when behaving like men.

Wapping, Printed for Moll Tarr-Breeches.